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Rehearsal Script

"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

EPISODE 4: 'Time Squad'

by

Terry Nation

"BLAKE'S SEVEN" EPISODE 4: 'Time Squad'

CAST:

ROJ BLAKE  
VILA RESTAL  
JENNA STANNIS  
OLAG GAN  
KERR AVON  
CALLY  
MORRO  
ALDEN  
THIRD MAN  
and the voice OF ZEN  
GUARDS

\*\*\*\*\*

SETS:

Interiors:

Liberator's Flight Deck	{ as part 3 }
Liberator's Teleport	{ " " " }
Liberator's Hold	{ new set }
Corridor	{ " " }
Projectile	{ " " }
Neutron Control Room	{ new set }

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TELECINE:

Boulders & Bushes  
Radio Installation  
Buildings Complex

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MODELS:

Liberator  
Projectile

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM      Opening  
                  Titles:

Ext. Liberator in Space.  
Night.

MODEL SHOT.  
OPENING ON the panorama  
of space. Dark sky  
speckled with stars.

Liberator moves into  
foreground and then moves  
very swiftly away to become  
another star-like gleam in  
the sky.

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA IS AT THE  
FLIGHT CONTROL  
DESK.

BLAKE STANDS NEAR  
HER, HIS FULL  
ATTENTION ON THE  
FLIGHT CONTROL  
DIGITAL TIMER  
WHICH IS COUNTING  
OFF ELAPSED TIME  
TO ZERO.

VILA, AVON AND  
GAN ARE AT VARIOUS  
CONTROL POINTS.  
THEY ARE ALL TENSE.  
THIS IS THEIR FIRST  
TEST RUNNING OF THE  
SHIP ON MANUAL  
CONTROL)

BLAKE: Cut primaries. Reverse  
thrust. Negative anti-grav.  
Stabilise and trim to stationary.  
Compensate for star system orbital  
drift and hold.

(EACH OF THE CREW  
MEMBERS OPERATES  
A CONTROL.

WE HEAR A 'RUNNING  
DOWN' OF MOTORS  
AND POWER SOUND.

JENNA'S FLIGHT  
PANEL REFLECTS  
ALL THE OPERATIONS  
ON INSTRUMENTS.

BLAKE GLANCES  
A QUESTION AT  
JENNA. SHE  
SCANS THE PANEL  
AND THEN SMILES)

JENNA: All confirmed.

BLAKE: Good. Let's check with  
the expert. Zen. Report status.

(THE ZEN VISUAL  
ACTIVATES)

ZEN: Liberator is stationary and  
is stabilised in an anti-orbital  
posture.

VILA: Whatever that means.

BLAKE: It means we got it right.

JENNA: Working together we can  
fly this ship manually.

GAN: We make a good team.

AVON: Well horray for us.

VILA: What's eating you now?

AVON: I just wonder how long we're  
going to live to enjoy our new-  
found skills.

(BLAKE TURNS TO  
ZEN)

BLAKE: Three sixty spherical survey. Set scanners and etheric beam detectors at maximum. Report any space vehicles in range. Put survey visual to the screen.

(THE BIG SCANNER  
SCREEN FLASHES  
TO AND  
SHOWS A STAR  
FILLED SKY AS  
THOUGH IT WERE  
BEING PANNED  
ACROSS.

THE CREW WATCH  
THE SCREEN  
NERVOUSLY.  
ALLOW A FEW  
MOMENTS FOR THE  
CHECK TO BE  
COMPLETED)

ZEN: Negative on all systems. There are no space vehicles within detector range.

JENNA: We've lost them!

VILA: So much for Federation Pursuit ships.

GAN: At least we know we can outrun them.

VILA: Outrun them? In this we can out-stroll them.

BLAKE: Don't get too relaxed about it. They'll keep on coming.

AVON: We have the whole Universe to hide in.

BLAKE: Except that we're not going to hide. Very soon now they'll know exactly where we are ... or where we've been anyway.

VILA: (PUZZLED) I don't follow you.

AVON: (QUIETLY) Oh but you do. That's the problem.

BLAKE: So far we've only been a minor irritation to the Federation. It's time we hurt them.

JENNA: I don't think I like the sound of that.

AVON: Neither do I. I don't know what wild scheme you've got in mind Blake but it was agreed that we wouldn't do anything without discussing it thoroughly first.

BLAKE: True. It was also agreed that anyone could opt out at any time, and be put down on the nearest habitable planet. Just tell me when you want to leave.

AVON: I will. In the meantime I think we have the right to know what you're planning.

(BLAKE NODS)

BLAKE: Zen. Star sector four one two point six one. Set a course for the planet Saurian Major. Speed, standard by two.

ZEN: Speed and course confirmed.

AVON: That falls a little short of what I'd call a thorough discussion.

GAN: We can talk and travel. We're safer when we're on the move.

AVON: Another one who's prepared to let Blake do his thinking? Though in your case it's hardly a major decision.

BLAKE: Enough Avon. There's no need to take it out on Gan.

JENNA: (TO AVON) Are you naturally obnoxious, or do you practice?

VILA: Saurian Major?

(BLAKE PUNCHES  
UP A STAR CHART  
DISPLAY.

THE OTHERS MOVE  
TO LOOK)

BLAKE: It's here, on the edge of the system. One of the early self-governing colonies, subsequently annexed by the Federation. When the settlers declared their independence again the Federation crushed them with typical efficiency.

JENNA: How typical?

BLAKE: Half the population were butchered the rest were rounded up and transported to frontier planets. A few escaped to the hills and formed guerilla bands. They're under strength and poorly armed, but they're fighting.

(DURING THIS,  
THE CAMERA HAS  
BEEN CLOSING  
IN ON THE CHART  
IN BLAKES HAND  
SHOWING CLEARLY  
THE POSITION OF  
SAURIAN MAJOR.

AS VILA ASKS HIS  
QUESTION WE  
START TO MIX:)

VILA: Why are we going there  
though? I mean I feel for them  
but we've got problems of our own.



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Saurian Major. Night.

PHOTO-CAPTION: red planet  
against star backing.

Ext. Radio Installation. Day.

PHOTO-CAPTION: a vast  
complex of radio transmitter  
masts or radar installation.

The CAMERA SCANS around the  
area of transmitting and  
receiving equipment. No  
figures in sight.

we hear Blake's voice over  
the scene:

BLAKE: (V.O.) Because of its  
unique position in the galaxy it  
makes a perfect communications  
relay centre ... All Federation  
signals and navigation controls  
are beamed into Saurian Major,  
boosted and redirected. They've  
built a vast transceiver complex,  
everything goes through there.  
It's a vital nerve-centre in the  
Federation space control system.  
They hear, see and speak through  
it ...

END TELECINE 2.



2. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(BLAKE HAS THE  
ATTENTION OF  
ALL OF THEM)

BLAKE: Destroy that nerve-centre  
and you blind, deafen and silence  
them. That's what we're going to do!

AVON: (IRONICALLY) A blow for  
freedom?

GAN: Yes. Our freedom. For a  
clever man you're not very bright.  
If they're deaf, dumb and blind how  
are they going to catch us?

AVON: I'm sure Blake will manage  
it somehow.

(ON A REACTION  
FROM THE  
LISTENERS)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Liberator In Space.  
Night. Model. Studio.

The Liberator races  
through space.  
ESTABLISH.

END TELECINE 3:

3. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(ONLY JENNA AND  
BLAKE ARE ON  
DECK.

JENNA SEATED  
AT THE FLIGHT  
CONTROL DESK.

BLAKE AT THE  
CHART SCREEN.

JENNA IS GIVING  
HER PUZZLED  
ATTENTION TO A  
GLOWING ON THE  
DESK SCREEN. A  
SMALL BLIPPING  
GREEN LIGHT  
PATTERN RECURS AT  
REGULAR INTERVALS.

JENNA IS MORE  
CURIOUS THAN  
CONCERNED)

JENNA: Blake ... do the charts show  
any artificial satellites on our  
course?

BLAKE: I'll check ...

(HE PUNCHES UP  
CHARTS BRIEFLY,  
THEN:)

Nothing marked ... You getting  
something?

JENNA: Something. Look.

(BLAKE CROSSES  
TO STAND BESIDE  
JENNA AND STARES  
AT THE SCREEN)

BLAKE: How long has it been  
registering?

JENNA: A couple of minutes. The  
signal's getting stronger.

BLAKE: The same pattern?

JENNA: Yes ... What do you think?

BLAKE: We'll get a detector reading.

(BLAKE TURNS TO  
ZEN)

Detector scan and computer  
analysis of the signal on grid one  
one five please Zen.

(ZEN'S VISUAL  
ACTIVATES)

ZEN: The signal is mechanical.  
It emanates from a space projectile  
of unidentified origin. Translator  
units categorizes the signal as a  
distress call.

BLAKE: Estimate projectile's speed  
and course.

ZEN: No indication of motive power. The projectile's movement is subject to space drift and orbital influence only.

JENNA: If they've lost power they're in real trouble.

BLAKE: We don't have much choice then. (TO ZEN) How far away are we?

ZEN: One million seventy three spacials and closing.

BLAKE: Reprogramme speed and course to rendezvous with the projectile. Lock on at one hundred spacial.

ZEN: Speed and course confirmed.

BLAKE: (TO JENNA) You'd better tell the others.

JENNA: Alright...

(JENNA HESITATES)

BLAKE: Problem?

JENNA: Putting out a false distress signal. It's a trick used by space pirates. You come alongside and they open up with their blasters.

BLAKE: We'll just have to be careful. We can't ignore the call.

JENNA: I know. I'll warn the others.

(SHE STARTS TO  
EXIT AND BLAKE  
CROSSES TO THE  
SCREEN ON THE  
CONTROL DESK.  
WE FAVOUR THE  
SCREEN AND SEE  
THE SAME SIGNAL  
CONTINUING)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Liberator In Space.  
Night.

Liberator in flight.

END TELECINE 4:

4. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(EVERYONE IS  
ASSEMBLED.

AVON IS AT THE  
COMMUNICATIONS  
CENTRE. HE LOOKS  
ACROSS AT BLAKE.  
HE SHRUGS)

AVON: I've beamed in every type of  
signal. There's nothing coming back  
except the same distress call. It  
must be on a mechanical repeater.

BLAKE: Their receivers could be  
out.

VILA: They could be dead.

ZEN: Rendezvous position completed  
and confirmed.

BLAKE: Visual?



TELECINE 4X:

(ON SCREEN)

The giant screen flashes to life. Empty at first, and showing only a gleaming starscape. Then, as Liberator changes position, the projectile edges into the centre of the screen. It is a small bullet shaped craft, built for great speed.

END TELECINE 4X:

SCENE 4. CONTINUED.

(THEY ALL STARE  
AT IT)

BLAKE: You recognise the type?

AVON: No. Primitive. Too small  
to sustain a full life support  
system by the look of it.

JENNA: Doesn't seem to be any  
heavy armament.

AVON: Could be a high speed  
transporter.

JENNA: But to transport what?

VILA: Do we care?

JENNA: Getting nervous?

VILA: No. I've been nervous all  
along. I do not like the look of  
that thing.

BLAKE: Zen? Have the sensors  
picked up any sign of life?

ZEN: Zen can give no information.

BLAKE: That's not what I asked. Is there room to teleport across?

ZEN: (BEAT) There is room.

BLAKE: And life support?

ZEN: There is life support

(VERY SLIGHT  
SIGN OF SPEECH  
DIFFICULTY)

For a ... limited ... period.

BLAKE: I'll go and take a look then.

(HE STARTS FOR  
THE EXIT.

JENNA FOLLOWS)

JENNA: I'll come with you.

(AVON FOLLOWS  
THEM)

AVON: (NOT LOOKING BACK) You two stay here and keep an eye on things.

ZEN: (WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY) It is in - in - in - in Zen.

(THE LAST CONSONANT  
IS DRAWN OUT INTO  
AN ELECTRONIC NOTE  
AND THE ZEN VISUAL  
SWITCHES OFF.

THE THREE PAUSE  
MOMENTARILY  
AND GLANCE BACK)

AVON: I'm going to have to overhaul  
that thing.

(THEY EXIT)

GAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) It's almost  
as though Zen has a limiter.

VILA: A limiter?

(GAN UNCONSCIOUSLY  
TOUCHING THE TOP  
OF HIS HEAD)

GAN: Something that stops him from  
helping us too much. Or perhaps it'  
someone who stops him.

VILA: (CHUCKLES) Gan, if you're  
trying to scare me ... you're  
succeeding.

5. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT

(BLAKE AND JENNA  
ARE CLIPPING ON  
TRAVEL BRACELETS.

AVON IS AT THE  
TELEPORT CONTROL)

BLAKE: Now we'll see how precise  
you can be.

(BLAKE AND JENNA  
MOVE TO THE  
TELEPORT AREA)

AVON: You think you can trust me?

BLAKE: For as long as we're useful  
to each other. We'll keep the voice  
channel open. You set?

AVON: Ready.

BLAKE: Put us over.

(AVON OPERATES  
THE CONTROLS.

BLAKE AND JENNA  
START TO  
DEMATERIALISE)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Projectile In  
Space. Night.

MODEL SHOT

ESTABLISH the Projectile  
floating in space.

END TELECINE 5:

6. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(THE SPACE INSIDE  
IS VERY CONFINED,  
MOST OF THE AREA  
BEING TAKEN UP BY  
THREE TUBE-LIKE  
CONTAINERS, ONE  
ON EACH WALL, THE  
THIRD BEING IN THE  
CENTRE.

THERE IS A VERY  
NARROW AISLE  
EITHER SIDE OF  
THE CENTRAL  
CONTAINER. THERE  
IS NOT QUITE  
ENOUGH ROOM FOR  
A MAN TO STAND  
UPRIGHT.

IN THE NOSE OF  
THE PROJECTILE  
THERE IS A VERY  
BASIC CONTROL  
PANEL. ON THIS  
A SINGLE REGULARLY  
FLASHING LIGHT.

THE CONTAINERS  
ARE MADE OF  
METAL. EACH  
IS LINKED TO THE  
WALL BY HEAVY CABLES  
AND TUBES. ON THE  
ENDS OF TWO OF  
THE CONTAINERS ARE  
GLOWING GREEN  
INDICATOR LIGHTS.  
ON THE REMAINING  
CONTAINER IS A  
RED INDICATOR  
LIGHT. THE CONTAINER  
TUBES CAN BE OPENED  
LENGTHWISE.

BLAKE AND JENNA  
MATERIALISE IN  
THE AISLE.

BLAKE BANGS  
HIS HEAD)

BLAKE: P'raps Avon should overhaul  
Zen.

JENNA: I don't think so.

BLAKE: You didn't crash your skull.  
Have you seen anything like this  
before?

JENNA: No.

(SHE EDGES UP  
TO THE CONTROL  
PANEL.

BLAKE MOVES  
TO THE OPPOSITE  
END OF THE SECTION  
WHERE THERE IS A  
SOLID LOOKING  
DOOR LEADING INTO  
THE REAR OF THE  
PROJECTILE. HE  
TRIES TO OPEN IT  
BUT DESPITE HIS  
STRONG EFFORTS  
THE DOOR REMAINS  
FIRMLY LOCKED.

JENNA EXAMINES  
THE CONTROL PANEL)

The controls are very basic.  
Just enough instruments to make a  
safe landing. Everything's manual.



BLAKE: Why would they put manual control in an unmanned ship?

(THEY BOTH CONSIDER  
THIS: THEN BLAKE  
INDICATES THE  
FLASHING LIGHT)

What's that?

JENNA: The distress relay. It probably cuts in automatically if a major fault develops...

(JENNA INVESTIGATES  
FURTHER AND  
DISCOVERS SOMETHING)

Here it is.

BLAKE: What?

JENNA: Circuit tracer ... there's a malfunction reading on the auto-navs ... That must have activated cut-out on the propulsion units.

BLAKE: That explains why it's drifting. But you don't build circuit tracers into unmanned craft. There must have been a crew on board

JENNA: Then where are they ...?

(SHE INDICATES THE  
DOOR IN THE HULL  
NEAR THE CONTROLS)

The inner locks are still secure on the hatch. And something this size wouldn't carry life rockets. What about the other hatch?

(JENNA INDICATES  
THE REAR DOOR THAT  
BLAKE EXAMINED  
EARLIER)

BLAKE: Locked on this side.

JENNA: So if there was a crew...

BLAKE: They're still here.

(THE LOGIC OF THIS  
STRIKES THEM BOTH.

SLOWLY THEY TURN  
TO LOOK AT THE  
CONTAINERS.

BLAKE EXAMINES THE  
SMALL SWITCHBOX  
AT THE END OF THE  
CENTRAL CONTAINER.  
HE DRAWS HIS GUN  
AND MAKES READY TO  
PRESS A CONTROL.

BLAKE PRESSES AND  
THE HALF ROUND TOP  
OF THE CYLINDER  
STARTS TO SLIDE  
BACK SLOWLY.

WE TAKE THE  
REACTIONS OF  
BLAKE AND JENNA  
BEFORE REVEALING  
WHAT IS IN THE  
CONTAINER.

SHOWING THE CONTAINER.  
A MAN LIES IN THE  
COFFIN-LIKE INTERIOR.  
HE APPEARS TO BE DEAD.  
A SHEET OF CLEAR  
GLASS COVERS HIM.

JENNA STARES)

JENNA: His eye! Look at his eye!  
(Cont...)

(WE GO TO A CLOSE  
UP ON THE MAN'S  
RIGHT EYE.

THERE IS A TINY  
PULSING. VERY  
SLOW, BUT REGULAR)

JENNA: (cont) He's alive!

(BLAKE LEANS OVER  
THE CONTAINER. HIS  
HAND RESTS ON THE  
GLASS COVER. THE  
MOMENT IT TOUCHES  
HE WITHDRAWS IT  
SHARPLY AS THOUGH  
BURNED)

What is it?

BLAKE: Cold... (RUBBING HIS HAND)  
Its taken the skin off my fingers ..

(JENNA HAS A SUDDEN  
REALISATION)

JENNA: That's it. The same system  
they used centuries ago, on the earl  
deep space flights. The crews were  
subjected to extremely low  
temperatures to slow down the  
metabolic rates and suspend the agin  
processes. This is a cryogenic  
capsule.

(BLAKE TAKES ONE OF  
THE SIDE CONTAINERS

JENNA LOOKS AT THE  
OTHER. SHE HAS  
THE ONE WITH THE  
RED INDICATOR LIGHT.

BLAKE OPENS THE COVER  
ON HIS CONTAINER.

A QUICK GLANCE  
IS ENOUGH TO SHOW  
THAT THE OCCUPANT  
IS IN THE SAME  
CONDITION AS THE  
FIRST MAN.

AS JENNA'S COVER  
SLIDES BACK SHE  
GIVES A GASP.

BLAKE MOVES AROUND  
TO LOOK THERE IS  
A CRACK IN THE  
COVERING GLASS OF  
THIS CONTAINER.

THE MAN INSIDE  
IS ONLY BARELY  
DISCERNABLE  
THROUGH A HEAVY  
COVERING OF ICE  
CRYSTALS.

THEN JENNA PRESSES  
THE CONTROL THAT  
REPLACES THE LID)

BLAKE: There's not much we can do  
for them here. Reanimation will be  
a slow process.

JENNA: We can't just leave them.

BLAKE: We can decide when we get  
back. The air's running out in case  
you hadn't noticed.

JENNA: (SMILES) I didn't want to  
worry you.

(BLAKE RAISES HIS  
COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE: Avon... Do you read?

AVON: (V.O.) I hear you.

BLAKE: Take us back.

AVON: (V.O.) I can't.

7. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(AVON AT THE CONTROL  
PANEL.

ONE COVER OF WHICH  
HAS BEEN REMOVED.

GAN AND VILA NEAR)

AVON: The teleport control's burnt  
out.

JENNA: (V.O.) What did you do?!

AVON: Not a thing. It blow all by  
itself.

(VILA LOOKS AT  
GAN WHO SHRUGS)

BLAKE: (V.O.) Can you repair it?

AVON: No need. There's an automatic  
repair system. It's working.

BLAKE: (V.O.) How long?

AVON: I don't know, and Zen won't  
tell me.

BLAKE: (V.O.) Our air's running out.

AVON: I was afraid of that. How  
long?

BLAKE: (V.O.) Minutes. Alright.  
Open the locks on one of the forward  
holds and get Zen to manoeuver  
the ship round and take us on board.

AVON: I'd already thought of that.  
Zen won't do it.

(PAUSE)

BLAKE: (V.O.) Then you'll have to.

8. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND JENNA  
ARE TENSE)

BLAKE: (ANGRILY) Why didn't Zen  
warn us?

JENNA: I think he tried to.

BLAKE: (GESTURES ROUND HELPLESSLY)  
I'm sorry.

JENNA: It's alright. At least  
we're together. (EMBARRASSED) Not  
alone I mean.



9. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON HAS ASSUMED THE  
COMMAND. HE IS AT  
THE FLIGHT CONTROL  
DESK.

GAN AND VILA TAKE  
THE OTHER CONTROL  
POSITIONS.

AVON BRACES HIMSELF  
AND THEN BEGINS HIS  
ORDERS QUIETLY AND  
EFFICIENTLY)

AVON: (TO VILA) Inner hatches  
positive pressure locked.

(VILA OPERATES A  
CONTROL.

CONFIRMS:)

VILA: Locked.

AVON: (TO GAN) Equalize lower hold.  
pressure.

(GAN OPERATES A  
CONTROL. CONFIRMS:)

GAN: Confirmed.

AVON: Open main locks.

(VILA OPERATES  
THE CONTROL)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Liberator in  
Space. Night.

We see liberator  
motionless in starry  
space. At the bottom  
and front of the ship  
we see a ramp lower  
(or doors slide open)

Beyond the doors  
(inside liberator)  
a yawning black  
cavity.

REVERSE to show the  
projectile as from  
inside liberator's  
hold.

END TELECINE 6:

10. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(VILA REPORTS FROM  
HIS CONTRLLS)

VILA: Ramp fully open.

(AVON NODS. THEN  
ORDERS GAN)

AVON: Visual.

(GAN OPERATES A  
CONTROL AND ON THE  
SCREEN WE SEE THE  
PROJECTILE FLOATING  
IN SPACE. IT IS  
NOT DIRECTLY NOSE  
ON TO THE LIBERATOR.

THE REST OF THE  
OPERATION IS IN  
AVON'S HANDS  
AND HE DELICATELY  
OPERATES THE FLIGHT  
CONTROLS)

Moving to line up. Right lateral.  
Minimum power...

(ON THE SCREEN WE  
SEE RELATIVE  
POSITIONS CHANGING)

VILA: Too much ... you're over-  
shooting!

AVON: Left lateral ... that's  
enough. Hold. (Cont...)

(ON THE SCREEN,  
THE PROJECTILE  
IS NOW REAR ON)

AVON: (cont) Square on ... Give  
me a four line laser projection ...

(GAN OPERATES A SWITCH.

AVON GLANCES AT  
THE OTHERS)

Alright ... we're aligned and ready  
to start. You two know what you've  
got to do?

(THE MEN NOD)

I hope so. Commencing docking  
procedure. Now...

(AVON WORKS THE  
CONTROLS)

- 37 -

11. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(IT IS BECOMING  
DIFFICULT TO  
BREATHE)

BLAKE: He's taking his time.

JENNA: It's a delicate manoeuvre.  
He'll get there.

BLAKE: I'm breathless with  
anticipation.

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Liberator and  
Projectile. Night

MODEL SHOT.

The two ships closing.

END TELECINE 7:

39

12. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON FLYING THE SHIP)

AVON: That's good. Gently now.  
Easy... easy...

40

TELECINE 7X (ON SCREEN)

On the screen we see the  
projectile moving in close.

END TELECINE 7X:

41

SCENE 12 CONTINUED

AVON: Switch to hold visual

42

TELECINE 8X (ON SCREEN)

VILA operates a control and  
the picture on the screen shows  
the view of the "approaching"  
projectile from within the  
hold. The ramp or doors in  
deep foreground.

AVON: Good... good... alignment's exact...

All seems well for a few  
moments, then the projectile on  
screen starts to turn a  
little.

END TELECINE 8X:

SCENE 12 CONTINUED.

VILA: She's turning!

AVON: Lateral right ... quickly!

GAN: She's drifting out of the laser projection!

AVON: Down degree point oh-one.

VILA: You're too close! She's going to hit the ramp broadside on...!

GAN: Get her round!

AVON: Down another point ... more lateral ...

44

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Liberator and  
Projectile. Night.

MODEL SHOT.

The projectile  
is almost broad-  
side on to the  
liberator and  
very close.

END TELECINE 8:

13. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(JENNA AND BLAKE REACTING)

46

14. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT

VILA: You're going to hit her! Pull away Avon...!

AVON: No time. We're coming round...  
Gan! When her nose is on the laser projection I'm going for it.

47

TELECINE 9X (ON SCREEN)

Tension as we see the projectile turn its nose directly into the hold.

END TELECINE 9X:

48

SCENE 14 CONTINUED

GAN: Now!

(AVON OPERATES THE CONTROL)

49

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Liberator and Projectile.  
Night.

Liberator swallows the projectile.

CUT:

Int/Ext. Projectile and  
Liberator hold. Night.

The projectile has come forward into the hold. The doors close.

END TELECINE 9.

15. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON FINISHES  
THE OPERATION)

AVON: Switch visual.

(ON THE SCREEN WE  
SEE THE PICTURE  
CHANGE TO SHOW  
A SIDE VIEW OF THE  
PROJECTILE INSIDE  
THE HOLD)

VILA: You've done it! ... you've  
done it ...

GAN: Well done ...

AVON: Main locks close. Hold  
repressurised. Inner hatches  
released.

(GAN AND VILA  
OPERATE CONTROLS)

GAN: Complete.

VILA: Complete. (cont...)

(AVON SWITCHES  
OFF HIS CONTROLS)



VILA: (cont) (TO GAN) Very delicate. You know with hands like that and a decent upbringing he might have made a respectable pick-pocket. (GETS UP) Better get down there and check they're alright.

(AVON ROUSES HIMSELF  
AND FOLLOWS VILA  
OFF THE FLIGHT DECK.

GAN STAYS ON WATCH)

16. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(A CAVERNOUS AND  
SHADOWY AREA,  
LOOKING LIKE THE  
CAR FERRY DECK  
OF A HOVERCRAFT.

BULKHEAD DOORS  
PROVIDE ACCESS.

THE PROJECTILE IS  
IN THE CENTRE OF  
THE AREA. FAVOUR  
THE SMALL ACCESS  
HATCH ON THE SIDE.  
WE HEAR THE  
MECHANICAL UNWINDING  
OF THE LOCKS,  
THEN THE HATCH  
STARTS TO SWING  
OPEN.

JENNA FIRST AND  
THEN BLAKE EMERGE.

THEY BREATHE DEEPLY.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

AN INTERIOR DOOR  
OF THE HOLD GLIDES  
OPEN AND VILA AND  
AVON ENTER)

VILA: There you are you see.  
Nothing to worry about. What have  
we here?

BLAKE: Take a look (TO AVON)  
Thanks.

AVON: Glad to be of help.

JENNA: You don't sound too sure  
about that. Thanks anyway. Nice  
flying.

AVON: I know.

(THE TWO MEN START  
TO CLAMBER INTO THE  
PROJECTILE.

BLAKE CROSSES TO  
A WALL COMMUNICATOR)

GAN: (V.O.) Flight deck.

BLAKE: Blake. Is Zen back on our  
side?

GAN: I don't think he ever left it.

BLAKE: Have him resume course  
for Saurian Major. Speed,  
standard by two.

GAN: (V.O.) Confirmed.

(BLAKE MOVES BACK  
TO THE PROJECTILE  
WHERE JENNA IS  
EXAMINING THE HULL.

THERE IS FADED  
PAINTED LETTERING  
THAT JENNA IS TRYING  
TO DECIPHER)

BLAKE: Anything?

JENNA: Most of it's scraped away.

BLAKE: From the condition of this  
hull, it must have been in space  
for a long time.

JENNA: Where do you think it  
came from?

(BLAKE SHRUGS)

BLAKE: Might be more interesting  
to know where it was going and why ...  
Maybe Avon's got some ideas.

(BLAKE STARTS TO  
ENTER THE PROJECTILE)

17. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(THE COVERS OF THE  
CONTAINERS ARE  
OPEN.

AVON AND VILA ARE  
CHECKING OVER  
THE INTERIOR AS  
BLAKE ENTERS)

BLAKE: What do you think?

AVON: The ship's pretty old,  
or from a technologically backward  
culture. Sub light drive so  
obviously her destination was  
outside the star system in which  
she was launched.

VILA: Obviously. Why?

AVON: They'd only put the crew  
into suspended animation if the  
journey would take longer than the  
natural lifespan of a man. The  
cryo system would halt aging and  
decay. These three ...

(HE INDICATES THE  
FIGURES IN THE  
CONTAINERS)

These two rather, could be hundreds  
of years old.

BLAKE: Any indication where they were going?

AVON: No. But they weren't planning to come back. All the instruments are for landing. There's nothing for take off.

BLAKE: Actually there'd be no point in going back. The world they left would be long dead.

AVON: No sign of weapons. In fact there's not much equipment at all. Either they were going to a civilised destination where they expected a friendly reception. Or we're missing the point completely.

VILA: It all sounds a bit single-minded to me. I don't trust unselfish dedication.

AVON: I've cut in the re-animation circuit ... It'll take a while but these two will come out of it. Then they can tell us what they're all about ...

BLAKE: Can we speed it up?

AVON: It's all programmed ... Interfere with it and you might kill them.

BLAKE: Alright. No point in waiting around. We'll take a look at them in a couple of hours.

(BLAKE GESTURES FOR  
VILA TO PRECEDE HIM  
THROUGH THE EXIT.

THEN AVON EXAMINES  
THE CLOSED DOOR  
THAT LEADS INTO  
THE REAR OF THE  
PROJECTILE)

AVON: Did you look in here?

BLAKE: It's locked. Pity to force it for the sake of a few hours.

AVON: Yes.

(AVON EXITS.

BLAKE GIVES THE  
DOOR A VERY BRIEF  
RE-APPRAISAL AND  
THEN FOLLOWS)

18. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(BLAKE CLIMBS OUT  
OF THE PROJECTILE  
TO JOIN AVON, VILA  
AND JENNA)

AVON: There is something we could  
do. Take out the programme and  
auto-nav unit. We could link it  
in to our own computers and get a  
reading on the planet of origin,  
course and destination.

BLAKE: It's worth a try. Will you  
get it Jenna?

JENNA: Right.

(BLAKE AND AVON  
AND VILA MOVE  
OFF TOWARD THE  
EXIT.

JENNA CLIMBS  
BACK INTO THE  
PROJECTILE)



19. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(JENNA MOVES UP  
PAST THE CONTAINERS  
TO THE CONTROL AREA.  
SHE CHECKS AROUND  
FOR A MOMENT, THEN  
STARTS TO OPERATE  
SCREWS THAT ALLOW  
HER TO LIFT OFF A  
PANEL. BEHIND  
THE PANEL A MAZE  
OF WIRING AND  
A SMALL BLACK BOX.

WE WATCH AS SHE  
BECOMES TOTALLY  
ABSORBED IN HER  
WORK.

ANGLE AWAY BEHIND  
HER TO ONE OF THE  
CONTAINERS. WE  
SEE THE 'BODY' INSIDE.  
JENNA IS UNAWARE  
THAT THE HAND IS  
BEGINNING TO FLEX  
SLIGHTLY)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Liberator in Space.  
Night.

MODEL SHOT.

Liberator speeding away  
from CAMERA until it is  
lost amongst the stars.

END TELECINE 10.

20. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(THE BLACK BOX  
IS ON A PEDESTAL  
AND COVERED WITH  
A CLEAR PERSPEX  
DOME. INSIDE THE  
DOME OF THE BOX  
IS BATHED IN LIGHT.

AVON IS AT A CONSOLE.  
HE TOUCHES SOME  
CONTROLS.

THE LIGHT IN THE  
DOME CHANGES.

BLAKE JOINS AVON.

THE REST OF THE  
CREW IS ON THE  
FLIGHT DECK)

BLAKE: Are you getting anywhere  
with that?

AVON: The de-coders are still  
working out the notational system.  
It's taking longer than I expected.

BLAKE: Has anybody been down to  
look at our guests?

JENNA: Vila went down a little  
while ago.

BLAKE: And?

VILA: Thawing nicely ... Couple of hours and we should be able to talk to them.

ZEN: Liberator is now in stationary orbit one thousand spacial from the surface of the planet Saurian Major.

BLAKE: Vila? I shall need you down there with me.

VILA: Oh (NERVOUS REACTION) Right.

BLAKE: Avon?

AVON: Isn't he enough?

BLAKE: I can do what has to be done faster with your help.

AVON: No doubt.

BLAKE: (PATIENTLY) Their detectors are concentrated on neutral space. We came from Federation territory so they haven't spotted us yet. But they will, sooner or later.

AVON: (UNGRACIOUSLY) Alright.

(AVON AND VILA  
MOVE AWAY)

BLAKE: Jenna, you stay aboard  
with Gan. One of you must be standing  
by at all times. We may need to  
get off Saurian quickly.

JENNA: Don't worry.

(THEY ALL MOVE  
TOWARD THE EXIT)

21. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(VILA AND AVON ARE ALREADY  
CLIPPING ON THEIR TELE-  
PORT BRACELETS AS BLAKE  
ENTERS WITH JENNA AND  
GAN.)

BLAKE CLIPS ON HIS  
TELEPORT BRACELET AND  
SLIPS A NUMBER OF SPARES  
INTO HIS POCKET.

JENNA TAKES HER POSITION  
AT THE TELEPORT CONTROL  
DESK)

BLAKE: Put Zen on to constant  
scan..... I want to know immediately  
if those Federation pursuit ships  
move into this system.

JENNA: How long are you staying  
down?

BLAKE: Depends on what we find...  
A Saurian day is about thirty six  
Earth hours. That should be all  
the time we need.....

(BLAKE LOOKS AT HIS  
COMPANIONS)

Ready?

(THEY NOD. BLAKE LEADS  
THE WAY INTO THE  
TELEPORT AREA)

Right. Put us down.

(JENNA OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS AND THE  
THREE MEN  
DEMATERIALISE)

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Boulders and Bushes.  
Day.

The area in which BLAKE and his COMPANIONS land is rocky and overgrown with strange red vegetation.

The THREE MEN materialise and look about them, getting their bearings. VILA views the place with a certain amount of misgiving. He puts out his hand to touch a plant frond.

He withdraws his hand sharply with an exclamation of disgust.

AVON: Did it sting you?

VILA: It's warm..... clammy..... bit like flesh.

BLAKE: You have to be careful with the plant life here. A lot of it is carnivorous. And some species have an intelligence rating.

VILA: Well that's a comfort. I should hate to be eaten by something stupid.

BLAKE takes a small, flat map plate from his pocket. He touches two small buttons, waits, then indicates positions to the other two.

BLAKE: There's the communications complex. This is where we are.

VILA: Looks like a long trek.

AVON: And how do you intend to make contact with the rebels?



BLAKE: If they're any good they should contact us.... We won't make any secret of our presence. We'll set up camp and wait.

VILA: And if the security forces get to us first?

AVON: They won't patrol this far from the complex.

BLAKE: A small fire first I think.

END TELECINE 11.

22. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(GAN SITS PATIENT AND  
MOTIONLESS IN A SEAT,  
STARING UNSEEINGLY.

JENNA WANDERS AROUND  
CHECKING A FEW INSTRUMENTS  
AND LOOKING AT THE BLACK  
BOX FROM THE PROJECTILE.  
SHE LOOKS AT A SMALL  
SCREEN THEN SETTLES NEAR  
GAN)

JENNA: No sign of pursuit ships.

GAN: They'll find us..... Sooner  
or later.

JENNA: I keep wondering if it  
wouldn't be better to opt out of all  
this. Find a safe planet, hide.

GAN: They'd find you.

JENNA: I suppose.

GAN: But if you did want to  
leave, Blake wouldn't try to stop  
you.

JENNA: (A LITTLE WISTFULLY) No.  
I know. What about you? Are you  
going to stick with him?

GAN: I have to. I want to stay  
alive, and to do that I need people  
I can rely on. I can't be on my  
own.

JENNA: (PUZZLED) I don't understand.  
(HE DOES NOT REPLY) Gan?

GAN: (VAGUELY) I killed a security guard. They said it was murder. But he had a gun. I was unarmed. He killed my woman you see. I'm sorry. My head aches a bit. Be alright in a little while.

(GAN BEGINS TO ROUSE HIMSELF)

Is it time I went down to look at our frozen friends?

(JENNA MOTIONS HIM BACK)

JENNA: Relax. I'll go.

GAN: Thanks.

(SHE EXITS AND GAN SETTLES BACK. HE LEANS HIS HEAD FORWARD AND MASSAGES THE TOP GENTLY. AS THE HAIR PARTS WE SEE A VERY SMALL, CIRCULAR, METAL PLATE IN THE TOP OF HIS SKULL)

23. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(THERE IS A SUBTLE CHANGE  
IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE  
HOLD NOW. IT SEEMS MORE  
ECHOING. MORE OMINOUS.  
THE AREAS OF SHADOW SEEM  
DEEPER.)

AS SOON AS JEMNA ENTERS  
SHE BECOMES TENSE AND  
ALERT. SHE MOVES  
SLOWLY, LOOKING AROUND.  
SHE STARES TOWARDS THE  
DEEP SHADOW HALTS, AND  
THEN MOVES ON TO THE  
PROJECTILE)

24. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(AS JENNA ENTERS, HER FIRST VIEW IS OF THE FIGURE THAT WAS COVERED WITH ICE. AS SHE GLANCES THROUGH THE GLASS COVER, WE TAKE HER VIEWPOINT.

THE ICE CRYSTALS HAVE FALLEN AWAY FROM THE FACE TO REVEAL A MAN RAVAGED BY TIME. THE MATTED HAIR LONG AND GREY. THE FACE LINED AND DISTORTED.

JENNA TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST. SHE PULLS THE METAL COVER BACK OVER THE CONTAINER.

SHE LOOKS AT THE OTHER CONTAINERS AND REGISTERS SURPRISE. THE METAL COVERS ON BOTH OF THEM ARE CLOSED)

JENNA: (WHISPERS) Surely we left them open!

(JENNA PUSHES BACK THE COVER ON THE CENTRAL CONTAINER. THE GLASS PANEL OVER THE BODY IS PARTLY MISTED, PARTICULARLY AROUND THE HEAD. JENNA MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO CLEAR THE MIST, BUT REALISES IT IS ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE GLASS.

SHE CAUTIOUSLY PUSHES ASIDE THE GLASS. THE MAN INSIDE, MORRO, IS IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES. HE IS NOW VERY EVIDENTLY ALIVE. HIS BREATHING IS SLOW AND SHALLOW. HIS EYES ARE CLOSED.

JENNA WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT AND THEN LIFTS HIS LIMP ARM AND CHECKS HIS PULSE. SHE STARTS TO SILENTLY COUNT THE BEAT.

SUDDENLY MORRO'S FINGERS SNAP CLOSED AROUND JENNA'S WRIST LIKE A SPRING TRAP, HOLDING HER ARM TIGHTLY.

FOR THE REST, MORRO REMAINS MOTIONLESS, HIS EYES STILL CLOSED.

JENNA PULLS HERSELF FREE AND MORRO'S ARM FALLS LIFELESS AGAIN. JENNA TAKES A MOMENT TO CALM HERSELF.

SHE TURNS HER ATTENTION TO THE REMAINING CONTAINER AND SLIDES BACK THE METAL COVER. SHE REACTS TO WHAT WE NOW REVEAL. THE CONTAINER IS EMPTY.

JENNA LOOKS TOWARDS THE OPEN DOOR OUT INTO THE HOLD. SHE MOVES TO IT AND STANDS STARING OUT.

SHE IS NEAR THE LOCKED INTERIOR DOOR. SHE TRIES THE DOOR AND FINDS IT STILL LOCKED. SHE TURNS TO STARE OUT INTO THE HOLD AGAIN)

25. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

27. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(JENNA MOVES CAUTIOUSLY  
OUT TO A POINT ABOUT  
HALF WAY BETWEEN THE  
PROJECTILE AND THE  
EXIT. SHE HALTS AND  
STARES OUT TO THE  
SHADOWY AREAS)

JENNA: I know you're here ... There  
is no need to hide ... We mean you  
no harm ... we want to help you.

(HER VOICE ECHOES BACK  
AT HER. SHE WAITS  
FOR A MOMENT AND  
THEN CONTINUES)

We want to help you ... Do you  
understand what I'm saying ...? Do  
you understand my language?

(WE ARE ON A MID  
SHOT OF JENNA.)

QUITE ALARMINGLY  
SHE IS STRUCK ON  
THE BACK OF THE  
RIGHT ARM, BY A  
HEAVY THROWN TOOL.  
IT CLATTERS TO  
THE METAL FLOOR.



GASPING WITH PAIN  
AND GRIPPING HER  
ARM JENNA SWINGS  
AROUND TO STARE  
IN THE DIRECTION  
FROM WHICH THE  
SPANNER MUST HAVE  
COME. NOTHING  
MOVES IN THE  
DARKNESS.

KEEPING HER EYES  
FIRMLY ON THE  
AREA SHE EDGES  
ACROSS TO THE  
WALL COMMUNICATOR.

STILL STARING WARILY  
OUT INTO THE HOLD,  
SHE REACHES, WITHOUT  
LOOKING AT IT,  
FOR THE CALL BUTTON  
ON THE COMMUNICATOR.  
SHE TOUCHES THE  
COMMUNICATOR AND THEN  
GLANCES SHARPLY AT  
IT. IT HAS BEEN  
SMASHED.

VERY FRIGHTENED NOW,  
JENNA STARTS TO EDGE  
TO THE EXIT. AT  
ALL TIMES SHE KEEPS  
HER EYES FIXED ON  
THE POINT FROM WHICH  
THE SPANNER WAS  
THROWN.

SHE HAS ALMOST REACHED  
THE EXIT, WHEN SHE  
HEARS A SOUND BEHIND  
HER. SHE SPINS IN  
TIME TO SEE ALDEN  
ROUNDING FROM THE  
SHADOWS AND RUNNING  
TOWARDS HER.

JENNA THROWS HERSELF  
THROUGH THE DOOR  
DESPERATELY PULLING  
IT SHUT AFTER HER.

ALDEN REACHES THE  
DOOR AND GETS HIS  
FINGERS AROUND THE  
EDGE BEFORE IT IS  
FULLY CLOSED.

HE TRIES TO HEAVE IT  
OPEN)

28. INT. DOORSET. NIGHT.

JENNA DESPERATELY  
TRYING TO CLOSE  
THE DOOR.

WE CAN SEE ALDEN'S  
FINGERS AROUND THE  
EDGE.

HAMPERED BY HER  
INJURED ARM, JENNA  
IS STRUGGLING TO  
HOLD IT.

THE DOOR INCHES OPEN.

HAVING GAINED THIS  
ADVANTAGE, ALDEN  
RELEASES ONE HAND  
AND PUSHES HIS ARM  
THROUGH THE GAP,  
GROPING TO GET A  
HOLD ON JENNA.

WITH NO OTHER DEFENCE,  
SHE SINKS HER TEETH  
INTO THE WRIST.

THERE IS A GASP  
OF PAIN AND THE  
ARM IS WITHDRAWN  
USING ALL HER STRENGTH,  
JENNA PULLS THE DOOR  
HARD AGAINST ALDEN'S  
ONE-HANDED HOLD.

THE FINGERS ARE BANGED  
AGAINST THE FRAME AND  
QUICKLY RELEASED.

JENNA PULLS  
THE DOOR FULLY  
SHUT AND WINDS  
THE LOCKING WHEEL.

SHE GIVES HERSELF  
A MOMENT TO GET  
HER BREATH AND  
THEN STAGGERS AWAY)

29. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

JENNA STAGGERS  
IN)

JENNA: Gan ... One of them ...

(SHE CUTS SHORT  
AND STARES AROUND.

TO HER HORROR  
THE FLIGHT DECK  
IS EMPTY)

Gan!

(AN INNER DOOR  
OPENS AND GAN  
APPEARS AT THE  
RUN.

HE CROSSES  
SWIFTLY TO JENNA.

ALL CONCERN)

GAN: What is it? What's happened?

JENNA: One of them attacked me ...  
I tried talking to him ... But I  
couldn't make him understand ... He  
came after me ...

(GAN COMFORTS  
HER)

GAN: Alright now calm down ... You're safe. Easy ...

(JENNA CALMS  
HERSELF)

Where is he now?

JENNA: Still in the hold ... I've locked the door ... he was hiding, then he threw an adjuster and practically broke my arm ..

GAN: Let's take a look at it ...

(GAN HELPS JENNA  
PULL HER JACKET  
OVER HER INJURED  
ARM, DURING THE  
FOLLOWING WE  
SEE A VERY ANGRY  
LOOKING BRUISE)

JENNA: I tried to call you but he'd smashed the communicator. Then he rushed me ...

GAN: He was probably frightened.

JENNA: He didn't look frightened. Just murderous.

(GAN CROSSES TO  
A LOCKER AND LIFTS  
OUT WHAT IS IN  
EFFECT A SPACE AGE  
FIRST AID KIT)

GAN: He's been dead for centuries maybe. Then he wakes up in a strange place with no idea of what's happened or why...

JENNA: Could be confused, I suppose. And we don't know what mental damage might be done by long term cryogenic suspension.

(GAN GIVES HIS  
ATTENTION TO  
JENNA'S UPPER  
ARM. TAKING  
A PIECE OF  
EQUIPMENT FROM  
THE BOX, A PAD  
WITH SOME CONTROLS,  
HE PRESSES IT  
AGAINST THE BRUISED  
AREA ON HER ARM.

SWITCHED ON, THE  
PAD GIVES OFF A  
SOUND, WHEN GAN  
REMOVES IT A FEW  
MOMENTS LATER, NO  
TRACE OF THE BRUISE  
REMAINS)

Thanks ...

(GAN STRAPS ON  
HIS BELT AND GUN)

GAN: You stay here. I'll go down  
and see if I can talk to him.

(GAN STARTS  
FOR THE DOOR)

JENNA: Be careful.

(GAN NODS AND  
EXITS.

JENNA BECOMES  
MORE RELAXED.

HER ATTENTION IS  
TAKEN BY A BLEEP  
FROM THE DESK.

SHE PRESSES A  
BUTTON)

Jenna.

BLAKE: (VO) Blake. We haven't made  
contact with the rebels yet. We're  
moving. Reference three, three, four,  
zero. I'll call in again when we get  
there.

JENNA: Right.

BLAKE: (VO) Anything happening with  
the crew of the projectile?

JENNA: One of them ..

(DECIDES NOT  
TO BOTHER HIM)

They're recovering. Everything is  
under control.



TELECINE 12.

Ext. Boulders and  
Bushes. Day.

BLAKE stands near  
a small smoking  
camp-fire.

His wrist com-  
municator at his  
mouth.

BLAKE: Good ... I'll check with you  
later.

BLAKE breaks contact,  
then takes a small  
transceiver from his  
utility belt.

BLAKE: Blake. Either of you found  
anything?

AVON: (VO) Not a thing ...

VILA: (VO) Several <sup>plants</sup> with  
designs on my body. Apart from that  
there's nothing here.

BLAKE: Alright. Come back up. We'll  
try a new location. Out.

BLAKE puts the  
transceiver back in  
his belt and moves  
to the fire.

BLAKE begins to  
scoop sand on to  
the flame to  
smother it.

WE ARE close on  
BLAKE as he  
senses something  
behind him.

He stops then  
continues as  
though he suspects  
nothing. Apparently  
casually he shifts  
his position until he  
is turned to face the  
sound that alerted  
him.

Still in his crouch-  
ing position he  
stares at the bushes  
at the edge of the  
clearing.

WE SEE a branch  
tremble with un-  
natural movement.

His eyes fixed on  
the position, BLAKE  
stands, his hand  
reaching for his gun.

From directly behind  
BLAKE, an arm swings  
in and chops down on  
the back of his neck.

BLAKE starts to go  
down, turning as he  
does. A booted foot  
swings in and kicks  
him backward on to  
the fire.

Dazed, BLAKE rolls clear of the fire and tries to reach for his gun.

The booted foot plants firmly on to his wrist, and the muzzle of a large, old fashioned machine gun points down into his face.

BLAKE stares up at his attacker, and from his VP WE GET our first view of CALLY.

CALLY is strikingly beautiful, tall slim and athletic. Born on the planet Auron.

CALLY is a telepath. With another of her race or one practiced in telepathy, she can hold mental two way conversations. With non-telepaths. She can only transmit her thoughts.

This she can do to one or more persons at a time. When she does transmit, WE HEAR her in VOICE OVER.

She is also capable of normal speech.

CALLY wears a striking combat outfit. Her telepathic speech confuses Blake as he 'hears' Cally's voice.

CALLY: (VO) Who are you?

BLAKE looks around  
for the source of  
the voice.

CALLY: (VO) Answer my question.

BLAKE: Was it you that spoke?

CALLY: (VO) I ask for the last time.  
Who are you?

BLAKE shifts to  
get to his feet.

As he does:

BLAKE: Do you mind if I get up...?

CALLY boots him  
in the chest and  
sends him into  
a sitting position  
before he can rise.

CALLY: (VO) Move again and I'll blow  
your head off ... Now ... what are  
you doing here?

BLAKE seems to  
submit.

BLAKE: My name is Blake. I'm  
trying to make contact with a  
resistance group.

CALLY: (VO) How did you get here?

BLAKE turns to  
point off.

CALLY is taken  
enough off guard  
to follow his  
direction.

BLAKE wraps his  
feet around her  
ankle and throws  
her off balance.

In the same  
movement he  
grabs the muzzle  
of her gun and  
shoves the butt  
hard into her  
stomach.

CALLY topples  
to the ground.

BLAKE is very  
fast to get  
her gun from her.

She burns with  
anger.

BLAKE covers her.

She almost spits  
the words at  
him:

CALLY: May you die alone and silent!

BLAKE: You can talk then. (cont ...)

CALLY glowers at him.

BLAKE: (cont) You may be telepathic but you certainly can't read minds. Or you'd never have fallen for that would you?

CALLY: I'll tell you nothing!

BLAKE: I'm not with the Federation Security Force ...

CALLY: I do not need to read minds to know you lie.

BLAKE: I came here with two of my crew a few hours ago ...

CALLY: I keep a check on the landing area ... Nothing has come in or gone out.

BLAKE: I'm hardly likely to use the landing area. Am I?

CALLY does not reply.

BLAKE: You're with the resistance fighters. I need to contact them.

CALLY remains obdurate.

CALLY: Resistance fighters? Your words are meaningless to me.

BLAKE: We came here to destroy the Communications Centre. Your people have information that ' would be invaluable to us.

CALLY: (SARCASTICALLY) It is clear that you seek information.

BLAKE appears  
fed up with  
the questioning.

BLAKE: I'll make contact some other way.

He tosses  
her gun down  
to her with  
disdain.

BLAKE: Take it and get out of here. We'll manage without you ...

BLAKE pointedly  
turns his back  
on CALLY and starts  
to pick up equipment.

CALLY begins to  
doubt her opinion  
of Blake. Still  
wary, and pointing  
her gun at him  
she scrambles to  
her feet. She  
takes a few paces  
as though to leave  
then hesitates and  
turns back.



CALLY: Can you prove what you say?

BLAKE: (DISMISSIVELY) If I can get inside that centre I'll prove it with the biggest explosion you've ever seen.

CALLY: (CAUTIOUSLY) I might be able to help you. Perhaps.

BLAKE: Well make up your mind. I've no more time to play games.

CALLY: (COOL AND CAUTIOUS) What is it you want to know?

BLAKE: Let's start with who you are?

CALLY: Cally. I am called Cally.

With surprising swiftness CALLY swings around and drops to one knee, her gun pointing at the bushes near the edge of the clearing.

BLAKE is taken by surprise.

CALLY: Out!

The bushes part and VILA appears. His hand in obvious view to show he holds no weapon. He grins at CALLY.



VILA: No need for belligerence pretty lady. I'm harmless. Quick isn't she?

CALLY: Is he with you?

BLAKE: Yes.

AVON: And he's useless as he said.

They all turn to another point at the edge of the clearing to see AVON standing with his gun ready to fire.

AVON: I've had a gun on you the whole time. You were dead as soon as you broke cover.

CALLY is not pleased.

AVON lowers his gun and moves in to join the group.

VILA: Harmless was the word I used.

AVON: You couldn't even get that right. (TO CALLY) How do you come to be telepathic?

CALLY: I am from the planet Auron. I was sent by my people to aid the freedom fighters of this planet. (PROUDLY) My people are the Auronar.

AVON: And they're telepathic.

CALLY: And quick. I would not have died alone.

VILA: Why can't you read our minds?

CALLY: Because you are not telepathic?

VILA: But I could read yours?

CALLY: You could receive my thought. If I wished you to.

BLAKE: Cally how do we contact the resistance force?

CALLY: There is no resistance force. They are all dead...

BLAKE: All of them?

CALLY: We were getting stronger. The security forces kept hunting us but we knew the hills and jungles too well. Six cycles ago we successfully attacked the main generating plant. For the first time they saw us as a threat.

AVON: What happened?

CALLY: They released poison from the sky...All our people died. Except me. Perhaps because I am alien to this planet.

BLAKE: You've been working alone ever since?



CALLY: (BITTERLY) My work was in communications. (SHE SMILES COLDLY) But there will be companions for my death. I plan to raid the complex. To destroy until I am destroyed.

BLAKE: Well our aims are the same. But I wasn't planning a suicide mission.

VILA: I should hope not.

CALLY: You fear death?

VILA: I plan to live forever. Or die trying.

BLAKE: If you can get us inside the complex we'll provide all the destruction you want and still get out safely.

AVON: Or die trying..

CALLY considers for a moment: Then she telepaths to BLAKE:

CALLY: (V.O) I will guide you.

She turns and starts across the clearing. BLAKE grins at his companions.

BLAKE: She said yes.

They are taken by surprise as they scoop up their equipment and make to follow CALLY.

END TELECINE 12:

30. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA PACES NERVOUSLY  
WAITING FOR A REPORT  
FROM GAN.

SHE CROSSES TO WHERE  
THE "BLACK BOX"  
FROM THE PROJECTILE  
IS BEING EXAMINED.

SHE TURNS TO ZEN)

JENNA: Have the computers decoded  
the projectile's log yet?

ZEN: The basic concepts are alien  
at data retrieval primitive however.  
The electronic notation has now been  
deciphered and the translator units  
are converting. A full translation  
will be available shortly.

(JENNA NODS AND TURNS  
AWAY HER NERVOUSNESS  
GROWING.

THE LIGHTING IN THE  
SHIP SUDDENLY DIMS,  
THEN RECOVERS AGAIN.  
THE SAME PROCESS  
IS REPEATED, SLIGHTLY  
LONGER THIS TIME)

Auto maintenance reports major  
energy drain on primary power  
system. Locators indicate loss  
occurring from link unit four in  
lower hold.



JENNA: I'll check it.

(JENNA STARTS FOR  
THE DOOR TO THE  
TELEPORT. THE  
LIGHTS DIM AGAIN.  
SHE IS BECOMING  
MORE AND MORE  
FRIGHTENED AT  
BEING ALONE.  
WALKING THROUGH  
THE SHIP IS LIKE  
GOING THROUGH  
A HAUNTED HOUSE.

SHE CAUTIOUSLY  
APPROACHES THE  
DOOR TO THE  
TELEPORT SECTION  
AND PEERS IN)

97

31. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(JENNA PEERS IN  
THROUGH THE DOOR.  
WE SEE THE EMPTY  
ROOM FROM HER  
VP. THE LIGHTS  
DIM AGAIN, MAKING  
THE PLACE LOOK  
MENACING AND  
SINISTER.

JENNA ENTERS  
AND LOOKS AROUND.  
SHE CROSSES TO  
A DOOR THAT OPENS  
ON TO A CORRIDOR)

98

32. INT. CORRIDOR. LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(FROM JENNA'S VP.  
THE EMPTY CORRIDOR)

33. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(JENNA MOVES BACK  
ACROSS THE SECTION.  
WITH EVERY PASSING  
MOMENT, HER  
NERVOUSNESS GROWS.

SHE FINALLY BECOMES  
DECISIVE. MOVES  
TO A COMMUNICATOR  
PANEL)

100

34. INT. CORRIDOR. LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(FAVOURING A  
COMMUNICATOR  
ON THE WALL  
OF AN EMPTY  
CORRIDOR. WE  
HEAR JENNA'S  
VOICE)

JENNA: (VOICE) Gan ...Respond  
please.

101

35. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(NO ONE TO BE  
SEEN IN THE  
HOLD. THE  
PLACE SEEMS  
ECHOING AND  
EMPTY. VERY  
OMINOUS.  
FAVOURING  
A COMMUNICATOR)

JENNA: (VOICE) Report your  
location.

36. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. 12:31

(JENNA IS NEARING  
PANIC:)

JENNA: Gan? ...Where are you?.

(THER IS NO  
RESPONSE.

JENNA WAITS FOR  
A FEW MOMENTS  
UNCERTAIN WHAT  
TO DO.

THEN SHE MAKES  
UP HER MIND.  
SHE CHECKS  
HER GUN. SHE  
GOES TO THE  
DOOR, BRACES  
HERSELF AND  
THEN STEPS  
THROUGH)

37. INT. CORRIDOR. LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(TENSE AND NERVOUS  
JENNA STARTS  
SLOWLY ALONG THE  
CORRIDOR. WE  
FAVOUR A DOOR  
AHEAD OF JENNA.  
IT IS FRACTIONALLY  
OPEN.

AS JENNA APPROACHES  
IT CLOSES SILENTLY.  
SHE PASSES BY,  
UNAWARE.

WHEN SHE HAS  
PASSED THE DOOR  
IT OPENS AGAIN.  
BUT REVEALS  
NOBODY.

JENNA MOVES ON  
(OUT OF SIGHT)



38. INT. DOOR SET. NIGHT.

(WE HEAR JENNA'S  
FOOTSTEPS  
APPROACHING.  
THE DOOR INTO  
THE HOLD IS  
CLOSED.

JENNA MOVES INTO  
SIGHT AND TRIES  
THE DOOR. SHE  
FINDS IT STILL  
LOCKED. SHE  
LISTENS AT THE  
DOOR AND HEARING  
NOTHING STARTS  
TO UNLOCK IT.  
SHE PUSHES IT  
OPEN SLOWLY AND  
CAREFULLY)

39. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(JENNA PEERS IN  
FROM THE DOORWAY.  
HER VOICE LITTLE  
MORE THAN A  
WHISPER)

JENNA: Can?

(JENNA ENTERS,  
ALERT FOR ANY  
SOUND AND  
LOOKING GUARDEDLY  
IN ALL DIRECTION.

THE DARK SHADOWS  
THAT FILL THE  
LIMITS OF THE  
HOLD ARE HEAVY  
WITH MENACE.

CIRCLING SHE  
MAKES HER WAY  
TOWARD THE  
PROJECTILE.  
THE DOOR BY  
WHICH SHE HAS  
ENTERED IS  
LEFT WIDE OPEN.

JENNA'S FOOT  
CATCHES AGAINST  
A JUMBLE OF  
CABLES. SHE  
EXAMINES THEM  
AND FINDS THAT  
THEY LEAD FROM  
A SMALL OPEN  
PANEL ON THE  
SIDE OF THE  
PROJECTILE ACROSS  
TO A LARGE LINK  
UNIT ON THE WALL  
OF THE HOLD:

THE POWER LINK  
UNIT IS IN EFFECT  
A JUNCTION BOX.  
THE COVERING PANEL  
HAS BEEN RIPPED  
OPEN GIVING ACCESS  
TO A THICK, TRANS-  
PARENT, GLOWING  
TUBE. THE CABLES  
ISSUING FROM THE  
PROJECTILE HAVE  
A BAYONET CONNECTOR  
WHICH HAS BEEN  
THRUST INTO THIS  
TUBE. THE CRUDE  
CONNECTION SPARKS  
AND CRACKLES WITH  
POWER.

JENNA FOLLOWS  
THE CABLES ACROSS  
TO THE PROJECTILE  
NEAR THE PROJECTILES  
DOOR SHE REACTS TO  
THE SIGHT OF  
FOOTPRINTS LEADING  
FROM THE POOL. THEY  
FADE AND DRY AFTER  
A FEW PACES.

JENNA LOOKS CAREFULLY  
INTO THE PROJECTILE  
AND SOFTLY CALLS  
GAN'S NAME. SHE  
MOVES WARILY INSIDE;

40. INT. PROJECTILE, NIGHT.

(JENNA GLANCES  
FIRST AT THE  
EMPTY CONTAINER  
THEN REACTS  
AS SHE SEES  
THE OTHER  
CONTAINER IS  
ALSO EMPTY.

SHE HAS NO MORE  
THAN A MOMENT TO  
REALISE THAT  
BOTH MEN ARE NOW  
OUT, BEFORE SHE  
IS SPARTLED BY  
THE SUDDEN GLANG  
OF A CLOSING  
DOOR.

JENNA LEAPS  
TO THE DOOR OF  
THE PROJECTILE  
AND LOOKS OUT)

41. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(JENNA'S VP FROM  
THE DOORWAY OF  
THE PROJECTILE.

THE ENTRANCE  
DOOR TO THE  
HOLD IS CLOSED.

ZOOM TOWARDS  
IT. ESTABLISH)

42. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(JENNA STEPS  
OUT OF THE  
PROJECTILE.  
WE ANGLE TO  
THE FORWARD  
PART OF THE  
CABIN. WE  
SEE A LIFELESS  
HAND ON THE  
FLOOR. THE  
BODY TO WHICH  
IT BELONGS  
IS HIDDEN  
BY THE CON-  
TAINERS)

43. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

JENNA INCHES  
HER WAY ACROSS  
THE HOLD, HER  
GUN AT THE  
READY. SHE  
REACHES THE  
WALL, AND  
KEEPING HER  
BACK TO IT  
EDGES ALONG  
TO THE DOOR.

WE SHOW HER  
VP OF THE  
TOTALLY EMPTY  
HOLD. THEN  
RETURN TO  
JENNA.

WITH ALARMING  
SUDDENNESS,  
MORRO DROPS  
DOWN ON HER  
FROM ABOVE.  
JENNA SWING  
HERSELF FREE  
AND THROWS HIM.  
WITH MANIACAL  
FURY MORRO  
COMES AT HER  
AGAIN. AT  
THE LAST MOMENT  
JENNA FIRES.

MORRO'S BODY  
HURTLES BACK  
AGAINST THE  
WALL AND HE  
FALLS DEAD.

EXHAUSTED AND  
GASPING, JENNA  
SINKS TO HER  
KNEES. SHE  
CALMS HERSELF.  
THE SOUND OF  
A LOW MOAN COMES  
FROM THE  
PROJECTILE.

JENNA FORCES  
HERSELF TO  
HER FEET. HER  
FEAR INCREASES  
WITH EVERY  
STEP SHE TAKES  
TOWARD THE  
PROJECTILE.  
THE SOUND IS  
REPEATED.

SHE REACHES AND  
STANDS AT THE  
DOORWAY OF THE  
PROJECTILE.  
ALARMINGLY A  
FIGURE LURCHES  
OUT OF THE DOOR-  
WAY. ALMOST  
FALLING ON HER,  
AND THEN COLLAPSING  
ON THE GROUND.  
IT IS GAN BADLY  
HURT.

JENNA CRADLES  
HIS HEAD. HE  
IS SEMI-  
CONSCIOUS)

JENNA: Gently, gently. What happened?

GAN: Couldn't stop them Jenna.  
(cont...)

(PAINFULLY HE  
PUTS HIS HAND  
TO THE TOP OF  
HIS HEAD TO SHOW  
THE PLATE)

GAN: (cont) Implant... to stop me killing.

JENNA: (HORRIFIED) A brain implant?

GAN: A limiter... not possible for me to kill now... never wanted to... can't now.

JENNA: Gan. What happened in the projectile?

GAN: (URGENTLY) They kill Jenna... anyone... everyone who isn't theirs. You've got to stop them.

stop him... Saw it in his face  
Jenna... despises us...

(GAN SLUMPS BACK  
INTO UNCON-  
SCIOUSNESS.

JENNA LOWERS  
HIM TO THE  
GROUND.  
FRIGHTENED BY  
THE TASK AHEAD  
OF HER, SHE  
FORCES HERSELF  
TOWARD THE DOOR)



TELECINE 13:

Ext. Radio Installation.  
Day. Model.

PHOTO-CAPTION.

RE-ESTABLISHING of  
the location in  
Telecine 2.

Ext. Buildings Complex.  
Day.

We show CALLY leading  
BLAKE, VILA and  
AVON amongst a  
complex of buildings.  
They move silently  
along walls. Pause  
at every corner.  
Run quickly across  
open spaces.

At one point,  
CALLY turns and  
telepates to BLAKE.

CALLY: (VO) Clear. Come.

The three MEN  
hurry to join  
her.

We see them  
at another point  
where they have  
to dive for cover  
as a small ARMED  
FEDERAL PATROL  
moves close past  
them.

The GROUP finally  
reach a door.

BLAKE: This it?

CALLY nods.

BLAKE: (TO AVON AND VILA) Control room, for the Para-neutronic generators. If we could damage the limiter settings the chain reaction would blow this complex off the planet.

AVON eyes  
the solid door  
doubtfully.

AVON: We'd need to blast the door. That would alert the guards before we even started.

VILA: Listen Fingers. Computers are yours, doors are mine. Right?

BLAKE: You can open it?

VILA: One side please.

VILA takes  
an object from  
his pocket and  
sets to work on  
the lock. After  
a few moments  
there is a click  
and the door opens.

BLAKE: Good Vila, very good.

VILA: It was almost nothing.

A PATROL  
some distance  
off has spotted  
them and now  
runs towards  
them.

BLAKE: Everybody inside.

There is the  
sudden sound of  
an alarm. They  
scramble through  
the door. BLAKE  
is last in and  
closes the door just  
as the first of  
the GUARDS reaches  
it.

END TELESCINE 13.

INT. 101. NEUTRON CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(NOT A LARGE  
ROOM BUT WITH  
A GOOD ARRAY  
OF COMPLEX CONTROL  
PANELS AND  
DIALS.)

BLAKE AND HIS  
GROUP USE WHAT  
THEY CAN TO  
BARRICADE THE  
DOOR. THERE IS  
THE SOUND OF  
POUNING AND  
CRASHING FROM  
OUTSIDE, AND  
THE WAIL OF A  
WARNING SIREN  
STARTING UP)

BLAKE: Avon. Can you do it?

(AVON LOOKS  
AROUND  
THOUGHTFULLY.  
CHECKS IN-  
STRUMENTS)

AVON: Five minutes.

(BLAKE GLANCES  
AT THE QUAKING  
DOOR)

BLAKE: Make it two.

(THE CRASHING ON  
THE DOOR BECOMES  
THUNDEROUS)

45. INT. CORRIDOR. LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(JENNA MOVES ALONG  
CAUTIOUSLY, GUN  
IN HAND.

SHE OPENS DOORS  
AND BRIEFLY  
PEERS INTO ROOMS.  
WE FOLLOW HER  
TO THE END OF  
THE CORRIDOR)

46. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(JENNA MOVES INSIDE.  
FEARFULLY, SHE  
PEERS ROUND.

FINDING NOTHING  
SHE STARTS FOR  
THE DOOR OF THE  
FLIGHT DECK.

IT OPENS TO  
REVEAL ALDEN  
STANDING IMMEDIATELY  
ON THE OTHER  
SIDE. HE SEEMS  
HUGE AND MENACING.  
JENNA IS TOO  
SHOCKED TO MOVE.

ALDEN LUNGES AT  
HER. HE HOLDS  
HER GUN HAND.  
IN THE STRUGGLE  
THE CORD IS  
PULLED FROM THE  
BUTT AND THE GUN  
IS SENT SPINNING.

JENNA BREAKS  
FREE AND SCRAMBLES  
FOR THE GUN.  
ALDEN GOES AFTER  
HER AND JUST AS  
SHE IS ABOUT TO  
REACH IT, THROWS  
HER CRASHING  
ACROSS THE ROOM.  
THE IMPACT OF  
HER FALL DAZES  
HER.

ALDEN PICKS UP  
THE GUN. ITS  
DESIGN IS  
OBVIOUSLY UN-  
FAMILIAR TO  
HIM. HE HEFTS  
IT. GETS THE  
FEEL OF IT,  
THEN WITH QUIET  
DELIBERATION  
AIMS IT AT JENNA.

ALDEN PULLS THE  
TRIGGER BUT  
NOTHING MORE  
THAN A COUPLE  
OF CLICKS COME  
FROM THE GUN.  
HE TRIES AGAIN  
WITH THE SAME  
RESULT. IN A  
GESTURE OF  
ANGER HE SLINGS  
THE GUN AWAY.  
THEN HE DRAWS  
A LARGE KNIFE  
FROM A SHEATH  
STRAPPED UNDER  
HIS ARM. HE  
BEINGS TO AD-  
VANCE SLOWLY ON  
JENNA. SHE IS  
DAZED AND HELPLESS.

ALDEN HAS ALMOST  
REACHED JENNA  
WHEN THE DOOR  
FROM THE CORRIDOR  
OPENS SWIFTLY AND  
REVEALS GAN. HE  
IS SWAYING AND  
FINDING IT HARD  
TO STAY ON HIS  
FEET. HE HAS  
HIS GUN IN HIS  
HAND.

ALDEN TURNS  
HIS ATTENTION  
TO GAN AND  
IS STILL UNDER  
THE COVER OF  
THE GUN FOR  
A MOMENT. GAN  
SWAYS AND ALDEN  
KNOWS THAT  
THE MAN IS  
BARELY CONSCIOUS.

ALDEN TAKES A  
TENTATIVE STEP  
FORWARD.

JENNA STARTS TO  
CRAWL ACROSS  
TO THE GUN ON  
THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE ROOM.

ALDEN MAKES ANOTHER  
ADVANCE ON GAN.  
GAN IS AWARE OF  
THE ADVANCE. HE  
STRAINS TO OVER-  
COME THE LIMITER,  
BUT CANNOT PULL  
THE TRIGGER. HE  
IS FROZEN.

STILL WARY, ALDEN  
CONTINUES TO  
ADVANCE ON GAN.

JENNA REACHES  
THE GUN AT THE  
SAME MOMENT THAT  
ALDEN REACHES  
GAN. SHE STARTS  
TO FIT THE  
CONNECTOR IN TO  
THE GUN BUTT.  
HER TREMBLING  
FINGERS DELAY  
HER.

ALDEN SNATCHES  
THE GUN FROM  
GAN WHO MAKES  
NO RESISTANCE.  
ALDEN RAISES THE  
KNIFE TO STAB.



ALDEN'S ARM  
READY TO FALL,  
THERE IS A  
BLAST FROM  
JENNA'S GUN.

ALDEN REELS  
AND FALLS  
DEAD.

GAN STAGGERS  
A FEW PACES  
AND CRUMPLES  
TO THE GROUND  
UNCONSCIOUS.

JENNA MOVES TO  
HIM SOBBING WITH  
DESPERATION AND  
RELIEF)

JENNA: It's alright now... it's  
over... it's over...

47. INT. NEUTRON CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(THE POUNDING ON  
THE DOOR IS NOW  
SUSTAINED.  
IT LOOKS AS IF  
IT WILL BREAK AT  
ANY MOMENT.

CALLY HELPS  
BLAKE TO MOVE  
A CABINET IN  
FRONT OF IT  
WHILE VILA COVERS  
THE DOOR WITH  
HIS GUN.

AVON IS WORKING  
WITH TOOLS, TO  
REMOVE SECTIONS  
OF ELECTRONICS  
FROM A CONTROL  
PANEL)

BLAKE: We can't hold them much longer.

AVON: I've nearly finished.

(VILA NODS AT  
A SAFETY LEVELS  
DISPLAY, THE  
INDICATOR MOVES  
A FEW DEGREES INTO  
THE RED DANGER  
SECTOR)

VILA: That's running up into the  
danger level.

AVON: I have to disconnect the automatic cut-outs otherwise, the safety circuits will close down the reactors.

(BLAKE AND CALLY  
HAVE THE CABINET  
IN POSITION. IT  
OFFERS ONLY  
TEMPORARY PROTECTION.

IN THE BRIEF  
MOMENT OF SAFETY,  
BLAKE TAKES ONE  
OF THE TRAVEL BRACE-  
LETS FROM HIS POCKET  
AND HANDS IT TO  
CALLY)

BLAKE: Put this on...

CALLY: What is it?

BLAKE: Our way out... put it on!

(AS SHE DOES,  
THERE IS A  
TREMENDOUS  
BURST AGAINST  
THE OUTER DOOR.  
THE CABINET  
ALMOST GOES  
OVER. CALLY,  
BLAKE AND  
VILA BRACE IT.  
BLAKE CALLS  
OVER HIS SHOULDER  
TO AVON)

Make it fast...!

48. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(GAN IS BARELY  
CONSCIOUS. JENNA  
STILL KNEELS  
BESIDE HIM, CALMER  
NOW.)

THE LIGHTS DIM  
FOR A SUSTAINED  
PERIOD.

JENNA REACTS TO  
THE LIGHTS. WHEN  
SHE SPEAKS TO  
GAN, SHE IS VERY  
PRECISE, TO BE  
SURE HE UNDER-  
STANDS)

JENNA: Gan. I have to leave you ...  
They linked up their ship to our  
primary power. We're getting a heavy  
energy loss. I have to disconnect.  
Will you be alright?

(GAN GIVES A WEAK  
NOD.)

WITH NOTHING TO  
FEAR NOW, JENNA  
EXITS INTO THE  
CORRIDOR. WHEN  
SHE HAS GONE, GAN  
STRUGGLES TO HIS  
FEET AND STAGGERS  
ACROSS TO THE DOOR  
TO THE FLIGHT DECK)

49. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(GAN STANDS SWAYING  
IN THE DOORWAY.

THEN FAVOUR THE  
"BLACK BOX". ZEN'S  
VISUAL ACTIVATES)

ZEN: Olag Gan. Basic decoding of  
projectile's auto log is now complete.  
Occupants are identified as  
programmed guardians conditioned to  
eliminate any life form defined as  
a threat to the genetic banks and  
brood units contained in the rear  
section of the projectile. Liberator  
crew are so defined and will be  
attacked. There are four guardians,  
Zen repeats, four guardians ...

GAN: There's another ... Jenna ...

(HE TURNS, STAGGERS  
BACK INTO THE TELEPORT  
SECTION AND COLLAPSES)

50. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(THE DOOR TO THE  
HOLD OPENS AND  
JENNA ENTERS.

SHE IS CONFIDENT  
AND QUITE UN-  
SUSPECTING.

SHE MOVES TO THE  
SIDE OF THE PROJECTILE  
AND EXAMINES THE  
CABLE CONNECTIONS.

WE SLOWLY PAN  
AWAY AND FAVOUR THE  
DOOR OF THE PROJECTILE)

127

51. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(SHOWING THE DOOR  
LEADING TO THE  
REAR OF THE  
PROJECTILE.

THE WHEEL LOCK  
STARTS TO TURN  
VERY SLOWLY,  
OPERATED FROM  
THE OTHER SIDE)

128

52. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(BLANDLY UNAWARE OF  
THE IMPENDING DANGER,  
JENNA MOVES ACROSS  
TO A BENCH AND  
SELECTS SOME TOOLS)

54. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(GAN STIRS VAGUELY  
INTO CONSCIOUSNESS  
AS BLAKE'S VOICE  
ISSUES FROM THE  
SPEAKER)

BLAKE: (V.O.) Control! Now ...

(GAN MUSTERS HIS  
STRENGTH. THE  
EFFORT IS ENORMOUS.

HE STARTS TO  
CRAWL TOWARD THE  
TELEPORT CONTROL)

(V.O.) Jenna ... Gan! Teleport.  
Now! Can you hear me?!

(GAN CRAWLS CLOSER  
AND THEN SLUMPS,  
EXHAUSTED BY HIS  
EFFORTS)



55. INT. NEUTRON CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(ON THE DANGER INDICATOR,  
ALMOST TO THE LIMIT  
OF THE RED SECTION.

GREAT RUMBLING NOISES  
THAT PRECEDE THE  
PARA-NEUTRONIC EXPLOSION  
MINGLE WITH THE  
BATTERING AT THE DOOR)

AVON: It's going!! It's going up!!!

(BLAKE IS YELLING  
INTO HIS COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE: Teleport! Now ...!

132

56. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(GAN IS ALL BUT  
UNCONSCIOUS AS HE  
AGAIN INCHES FORWARD  
TO THE VITAL CONTROL.

HIS HAND REACHES UP  
TO THE PANEL.

HIS FINGER HOVERS  
NEAR THE BUTTON,  
THEN SLIPS BACK AS  
CONSCIOUSNESS DRAINS  
FROM HIM)

27. INT. NEUTRON CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(THE WARNING INDICATOR  
IS AT MAXIMUM DANGER  
LEVEL. A GLOW OF  
BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT  
STARTS TO FILL THE  
ROOM)

134

28. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(WITH A SUPREME EFFORT  
GAM PRESSES THE  
BUTTON AND SLUMPS)

135

29. INT. NEUTRON CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(OUR PRINCIPALS START  
TO DEMATERIALISE AT  
PRECISELY THE MOMENT  
THE DOORS BURST OPEN  
AND THE GUARDS SWARM  
IN.

AND AGAIN VIRTUALLY  
AT THE SAME MOMENT,  
THE EXPLOSION BEGINS.

THE SCENE IS WIPED  
FROM THE SCREEN IN  
THE BRIGHT LIGHT AND  
ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION)

60. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(VERY BRIEFLY SHOWING  
JENNA AT THE SPARKING  
CONNECTIONS IN THE  
POWER BOX ON THE WALL.  
HER BACK TO THE  
PROJECTILE)

61. INT. PROJECTILE. NIGHT.

(THE INNER DOOR IS  
OPENING)

62. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.  
NIGHT.

(BLAKE, AVON, VILA  
AND CALLY HAVE  
ALREADY STARTED TO  
MATERIALISE.

BLAKE REACTS TO  
THE ASSASSIN'S BODY,  
THEN GOES TO THE  
SEMI-CONSCIOUS GAN)

BLAKE: Where's Jenna?

(GAN MANAGES TO  
WHISPER THE WORDS)

GAN: In the hold ...

(BLAKE STARTS FOR  
THE DOOR AT THE  
RUN)

BLAKE: Take care of him ...

63. INT. LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(WE SHOULD NEVER  
CLEARLY SEE THE  
FOURTH ASSASSIN.

HIS VERY BULK  
AND MOVEMENT SHOULD  
PROVIDE ALL THE  
MENACE.

HIS FIGURE IS  
BESIDE THE PROJECTILE.  
WE SEE A HAND DRAW  
A KNIFE FROM ITS  
UNDERARM SHEATH.

JENNA TOTALLY  
UNAWARE, HER BACK  
TO THE FIGURE IN  
DEEP FOREGROUND.  
WE SEE IT START  
SILENTLY TOWARD  
JENNA.

PLAY THIS FOR ALL  
IT IS WORTH.

FINALLY PUTTING  
THE ASSASSIN WITHIN  
STRIKING DISTANCE  
OF JENNA'S BACK.

AS THE KNIFE IS  
ABOUT TO FALL,  
THE DOOR TO THE  
HOLD BURSTS OPEN.

BLAKE, GUN IN HAND  
YELLS A WARNING  
SHOUT)

BLAKE: Jenna!!!

(JENNA TURNS JUST  
AS THE KNIFE IS  
THRUST AT HER.

SHE THROWS HERSELF  
TO ONE SIDE.

THE ASSASSIN SPINS.  
BLAKE FIRES AND  
THE ASSASSIN IS  
HURLED BACKWARDS  
AGAINST THE OPEN  
POWER CONNECTION.

THERE IS A BRIGHT  
FLASH AND HE  
DISAPPEARS.

JENNA COVERS HER  
EYES)

(a) F.M.L.

TELECINE 13x:

(On Screen)

The screen shows a  
planet (Earth to Moon  
scale). At one point  
we see a series of  
bright flashes from  
the continuing neutron  
explosion.

END TELECINE 13x

64. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.  
CONTINUED.

BLAKE: That should give them problems  
for a while.

(CALLY LOOKS GRATEFULLY  
AT BLAKE. SHE TELEPATHS)

CALLY: (V.O.) You have my thanks.

BLAKE: Pleasure.

(JENNA INTERRUPTING  
WHAT LOOKS TO HER  
LIKE A TENDER MOMENT)

JENNA: What are we going to do  
about the projectile?

BLAKE: We'll dump it in deep space.

GAN: That doesn't seem right somehow.  
Bit like murder.

AVON: Would you prefer to hook it  
back into the power? You heard Zen.  
A single cell from those genetic banks  
can be incubated into a full-grown  
adult in one point six minutes.

VILA: We could be up to our armpits  
in homicidal maniacs within the hour.

BLAKE: Maybe that's why Zen was  
uncooperative. (cont ...)

BLAKE: (cont) They'd have over-run any planet they reached by sheer weight of numbers. Killing and being killed until only they were left.

JENNA: (TO CALLY - LIGHTLY BARBED)  
Why does that make me think of you?

CALLY: (V.O.) (TO JENNA) Your jealousy over Blake makes you clumsy.

JENNA: (COOL - SOFTLY TO CALLY) I don't find that girl warrior pose particularly impressive. But then it's not designed to impress me is it?

(THEY SMILE COOLLY  
AT ONE ANOTHER)

BLAKE: (TO CALLY) Is there somewhere we can take you now?

CALLY: (SHRUGS) I cannot return to my people. I failed.

BLAKE: Then stay with us.

CALLY: Again my thanks.

BLAKE: (SMILES) Again a pleasure. With you, we've a full crew. Seven of us.

VILA: Six surely?

BLAKE: You forgot Zen.

ZEN: Zen is acceptant to be numbered with the friends of Jenna Stannis.



(CALLY LOOKS AT ZEN  
AND THEN AT JENNA)

BLAKE: Stand by for course and  
speed.

TELECINE 14:

Ext. Liberator in Space.  
Night.

Liberator turns slowly  
and then picking up  
speed turns and starts  
away.

END TELECINE 14.

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Titles:

FADE OUT